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AUGUST 1991 VOLUME 116 No. 1

APPENDIX 1001 *Continued*

Departments

MAN AT HIS BEST

47 Classics

THE HOME RUN

A short discourse on the long ball
By John Berard

48 Living Quarters

THIS GUY'S FOR HIRE

Where there's good smoke, there's
always been a Weber. By Phil Pizarro



Wheels that make our engines run. Page 54

54 American Journal

SOME LEE TAKES NO PRISONERS
Who's ahead for America's most con-
troversial director? By Peter Howell

52 The Raw and the Cooked

KNOWING COLUMBUS
You are cordially invited to my Last
Supper. By Jim Harrison

56 Hanging Out

MUHAMMAD, ALL THE
MONGOOSE, AND ME
Requests for a couple of heavyweight
By George Plimpton

42 Executive Summary

THE MONTH THAT TIME FORGOT
Despite what you think, working
during the summer's not a breeze
By Stanley Darg

50 The Seasoned Cook

THE BEST DAMN ICE CREAM IN THE WORLD

The real scoop on that heavenly
chocolate, plus at Harry's Bar in Venice
By John Mariani

54 Motoring

COOL CARS NOBODY WANTS

In praise of the '75 Chrysler Cordoba,
the '74 AMC Matador and other classic
works of automotive art
By Alan Winkler

56 House Hunting

A PLACE UPRSTATE

A New England farmhouse, is not quite
New England and starts the fires
By Paul Schneider



Black and white is still magic. Page 101



On the line with Danny Farkis. Page 104

Letters

19 The Sound and the Fury

Contributors

21 Backstage with Esquire



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RALPH LAUREN

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The Sound And the Fury

Real in the '90s

JONATHAN ALTER'S "ALL GROWN Up and Number to Go" (May) was the first article that occasionally portrays how cheered, indeed, pined off we, the Northern Generation, feel. The excesses of the '80s have left us with little hope of living as well as our parents—overconsumption, no medical conscience, no industrial infrastructure, unaffordable housing, national debt, a collapsing banking system, and a culture of intolerance and ignorance. The baby business deals us in to cynical and unimpressed. We have to be tough. We are the generation stuck with the task of cleaning up the mess they made out of America.

Jason P. Pinkowicz
Rapid, N.Y.

I GOT OUT OF THE WASHINGTON, D.C., area as fast as I could and returned to the Midwest. There I found a whole generation of interesting, complex young people not really as angry as Alter contends. In fact, the main characteristic of my friends and me—and I believe we are more representative of our generation than Peter Dinklage, of the film *True Colors*, or Curt Smith—is our aversion to being categorized at all. While Alter's Washington struggles never died-on, his treatment of my generation descended into hackneyed sociology.

Jeffrey Barnett
St Paul, Minn.

Up the Academy

FAITHFUL READERS OF ESQUIRE and other victims of the baby-boom may be interested to learn that after writing an essay for last summer's literary issue ("Should Our Writers Are Sleeping?" July 1990), I lost my job at Bennington Col-

lege, where I had taught off and on for the past four years. My subject was what is wrong in the literary world, and in a two-semester course, I suggested that materials had given up the chase in favor of separate entrance and exit holes for sex and delinquency severity in a hundred million years ago. This was enough for the liberal and gay classes to target me. And David Levitt and other literary workers wrote a satirical letter of protest to Esquire (November 1990). On campus, a small demonstration was staged. A faculty note that previously had offered me a long-term teaching position was rescinded and rescinded. The president of the college, in fact, issued the McCarthyism event on a "free speech" basis, but later threw in the towel. Although my forty-year career has been dented

new been corrected because my views were deemed politically incorrect. Wonders of good will and all humans should beware.

Edward Hoagland
Bennington, Vt.

Editor's Note: A Bennington College spokesman stated, in a matter of policy, no comment on personnel decisions.

Editor's Correction: In "Michael Miller: First at Last" (May), the photo identified as Bruce Kane (page 77) is actually that of Jon Espenson, formerly a deputy assistant director in the FBI's New York field office. And in a story we ran on Jane on young talent ("It Isn't Easy Being 'Feminist'"), Evan Rosenbaum is twice misidentified (pages 30 and 31) as his Tycho-Ruler kindergarten, Chris Webb.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 1735 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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Backstage with Esquire

FOR NEARLY SIXTY YEARS *Esquire* has been admiring women—with elegance, with humor, and always with passion. Sometimes we've been suave, sometimes we've been jilted. But whether we've put women on a pedestal or looked it out from under them, they've always preoccupied us. And believe it or not, we've learned a thing or two.

In the Thirties we were stage-door johnnies, peepseye nikes who filled chorus girls' heads with champagne and their bosoms with lingerie. In the Forties, our attention turned to airbrushed fantasies, Penny and Varga girls who did their part for the war effort. In the Fifties, however, the *Esquire* man was poised over for a new breed, a playboy, if you will, who came right up and stole the girl next door. We were crushed, but only briefly, maybe fifteen, twenty years.

By the time the Seventies rolled around, all the rules changed and we had to wise up. In the first place, girls were now women (sometimes capital W), our equals, who, we soon discovered, were as complex as we were naive and charming.

In the Eighties we found our courage again, picked up the telephone and started asking women for dates. We may not have always been the perfect dinner companion, but at least we picked up the check. (Or was that sooo?) In 1988 we began writing much more to women we loved and a few poison pen letters to some we didn't. Presumptuous? Sure. Amorous? A bit. But all in good fun, we thought.

This month we continue in our imperfect role as ladies' man with a thirty-page portfolio of American women ("How She Looks," page 60). On the surface, it might seem as though we haven't learned a whole lot. After all, thirty pages of women might make the eyes bulge again, no?

But if we've learned anything, it's that every once in a while it's better to stop drinking so much and keep quiet. Just step back and stare. So no long, exhaustive essays about What Women Want. No heavy breathing. And above all, no nonsense. The truth is that while we think we're getting pretty good at contemplating women's brains and talents and achievements, we also like to look. See us.



What we love:
 The large girl
 December 1994

MATTHEW ROBERTSON, who photographed actress Jennifer Connolly for our cover, is a longtime *Esquire* contributor. A Los Angeles native, the thirty-five-year-old Robinson studied art and photography at the San Francisco Art Institute and at the Art Center College of Design.

As President, his work has appeared in numerous national magazines, including

Esquire, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Rolling Stone*, and he has recently begun depicting music videos and creative work.

The October *Esquire* Press will publish the first book of Robinson's photographs, titled *Big Pictures*.

When contributing editor D.J. Watt's hand-the-arms-shed-the-lace Kennedy anthology, she took the next glass down to Fable Books in order to witness the end episode of an American dream in dinner set again, and the abundant image of a woman's press corps consumed by a red-hot frenzy.

Eligible in time and time in its details, Kay's piece ("The End of the Line," page 13) places the Night at the Elmer in a rich historical context and poses the provocative question: Is the William Smith student just another overly-motivated mystery, or is it the grotesque final act in America's long nightmare tragedy?



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American Journal

By Pete Hamill

Spike Lee Takes No Prisoners

SPIKE LEE IS SITTING FOR A KNUCKLE under a red shirt on the second floor of the concert hall. Brooklyn Gerhouse that serves him as workshop and headquarters. He makes no greeting. A young woman offers coffee as a cold start. The dense, smothered rhythms of *Stevie Wonder* come from the sound system, punctuated by the metallic scowls of the dancers. Other young people move in and out of the floor through clouds of what Lee calls 40 Acres and a Mule *Pilowtalks*, delivering packages, checking reviews, doing business. From the impassioned boisterous cheer, Spike Lee watches all of this then steps, smoking. The music turns to *Jackie* and the dancers

On the walls are posters and graffiti from the movies that have made him, at thirty-four, America's best known black filmmaker. *Silver & Gold* plays in *beat* *Seduce*. *Down* *the Right* *Thigh* is *My* *Best* *or* *Worst* *Blacks*. He wrote, produced, and directed them, he appeared in three. If the adjectives, as outlined the *ones* of the month in a genre either more told and true, the *most* *black* should be unnecessary, in his brief career, *Spit* *Lee*, has become one of the *most* *black* *American* directors of any race, *street*, or *sexual* *gay*. *There* *are* *two* *to* *four* *black* *directors* in the *most* *important* *that* the *document* *must*, *I* *suppose*, *will* *be* *made* *and* *it* *will* *certainly* *work* *very* *hard* *to* *explore* *the* *realities* *of* *black* *modern* *class* *life*. *He* *has* *done* *it* *well*.

[illegible]

on another he was accused of anti-Semitism, a third led some blacks to accuse him of black nationalism. In the public debate provoked by *Jungle Fever*, Lee has stirred an interest that blacks are incapable of racism (an ideological absurdity), attacked a number of black performers, and claimed that he was called the Prince of the Palace of the People at Cannes, implying racism by the gay. It doesn't look like his next project will be one less controversial.

For his next latest, Lee is rewriting James Baldwin's twenty-year-old saga for *The Amsterdamer* of *Midnight*. He must know that if the portrait that complex man in more human than a statue in the park, he will outline one group of Americans, if he makes him a curious hero, others will look at the mirror. He seems to welcome the coming apocryph, his brief career reminds me of the Irish saying, "One sentence is better than loneliness."

"Let's do it," he says, removing the red sheet, just freshly cut. He checks some messages, then leads the way out the door. "There's a room upstairs."

But there were other problems on *Jungle Fever*. It's the story of a love affair between a black man



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drugs,
crime, and
why the
white man is
only part of
the problem**

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"I love what you do for me."



American Journal By Pete Hamill

from Harlem and a white woman from Brookhaven. Many Brookhaven residents were reluctant to rent houses or homes to the film crew. When a go, in nearby Mill Basin did rent them his former shop, some- times very broken in his shop and his car. On another night in Brookhaven there were four or five beach houses and the sea- sons' cleaned white cars watched the area with dogs.

"No film is a cakewalk," says the man from Melrose (Jordan Lee, his author, a schoolteacher who died in 1976, dubbed him Spike). "Filmmaking has to be one of the hardest undertakings to man, just to make a film. To make a good film is real harder a miracle."

Part of the Spike Lee miracle is that he has managed to attract white audiences to movies about black people without seem- ingly mistaking the ignorant American pre- sents with race. Normally you would hear of putting phony happy endings on *Do the Right Thing*. His better films are *Jungle Fever*. At the end of each film, the viewer is left with a feeling of desolation and grief. At these times, his movies are intelligent, beautiful, and moving, as their words, they're obvious, common. But they are never taken off the rack, it's impossible to miss the Spike Lee doing from Y. And that has earned him respect, even from those who despise him. For his actors, his style, or his- tories, I remember being in Brookhaven the day after a young black man named Yusuf Hawkins was killed by a white male. I looked up and there was Spike Lee with a couple of other people, walking through the desert zone. And then young white kids began congregating on him for autographs. What did he think that was all about?

"It's one of the most important scenes in *Do the Right Thing* was the scene be- tween Mookie and Pino. I mean this guy's a big star, Pino, but who's his favorite actor? Michael Jordan. He loves Eddie Murphy and he loves Pino. In 1990 it was thought by a lot of black people and a lot of white liberals that if the two cultures met and white America really and our culture, if they got to know one another and to know our dance, that somehow we could come to a better understanding. But that was not the case. You could be KKK and still watch Bill Cosby on Thursday nights. That does change, neither. What happens is there's a dictionary where everyone are made Bill Cosby, Arsenio Hall, Oprah Winfrey, Mike Tyson, Bryant Gumbel, Michael Jordan are

not viewed as black. They're like rap- ing, Nigger, superstars. They're there, and ev- erybody else is a nigger. That's the same as the day after Tami Henderson was murdered. I could go to Brookhaven and peo- ple would shake my hand and ask for autographs. 'Wherever, if I could come back and not be Spike Lee, I would have been ac- cused with the same crime held up in front of my face and 'Nigger, go home.'"

Lee is convinced that "racism is the num- ber one cancer in America" and that the victims of the people mentioned above doesn't truly count. "Those people are ex- ceptions," he says. "They are the few out of millions who were able to work through the cracks. And you cannot say that because they've made it that everything is better."

Then he goes to the heart of the matter. "The black audience now is larger than ever," he says. "Black commentators are be- ing recruited for drugs, AIDS, crime, who knows what else? I'm not going to put that all on white people. I think that we've done more to hold ourselves back than anybody I've ever been able to say. White men, this, white men this. If anybody's seen all my films, I got more of the blame on our shoul- ders and say, 'Look, we've gotta have to do for ourselves.'"

He glances out at the Brooklyn light. "But at the same time," he says, "I ac- knowledge that if this is a horse race, our winning race is not black youth (which everybody else's). That is a given. And I feel you can't escape around it and say, 'Well, we could be doing a lot more, but because of prejudice and racism, you know, shh-shh-shh-shh.' We have to accept—ac- cept it, no—dispute the hardship, despite the hardship that we know are placed before us because we're black."

I ask if he thinks the older black civil rights organizations such as the NAACP and the Urban League have honestly finished their task of ending the means of structural racism but have a yet moved on to dealing with the personal problems of the underclass: education, housing, job, teenage mothers, drugs, crime, the whole sorry catalogue of one-lapping injuries.

"We need an attack on all fronts," he answers. "These organizations all did fine work. But what worried in the '60s or '70s might not necessarily be needed now. We thought to take a step in a moral race or a white man. We were the right to use col- lege now to a white man or a black woman. But those things are done. I think as we head in- to the year 2000—and again, I'm not trying to be a leader, I'm just a filmmaker—I feel we really have to address our financial base as a people."

He cuts the 1974 short film he did at New York University's film school, *Joe's*



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The Raw and the Cooked

By Jim Harrison

Ignoring Columbus

WHEN THE BIG LIGHT goes out, you hope it will be turned on again. It is immediately apparent that you are not entering a restaurant while you are being gassed up as an operating theater. Case studies reveal that it is common among some schizophrenics to believe that doctors are, in fact, aliens. This occurred to me at age seven, when I had the first of a number of surgeries, and recently I was reminded of it during a news operation. Acute schizophrenics are also virtually immune to cancer, the singular advantage to that

brothers disease so far as is known, although the alien have been rather muddy on the subject with the sensible exception of R. D. Laing.

My last memories before being launched chemically into the void were about my dog, who, though recently dead, decided to go along on the trip. I had held her while the vet gave her the "flat shot" and clearly saw his breath burning an undulating alien aura from her nostrils all body. It was reassuring to see dear life scarily run a corner under these conditions of putty adhesives. The next morning I dug a rubber stop hole in the burgundy put in a layer of green under boards, and laid in the old girl wrapped in her favorite blanket. Around her head I placed a pillow, a noodle, and a deer bone to feed her as her trip down the long Great Road.

Her doctors to join me in the operating room was her own. But that she was a Labrador, I could always talk to her about matters that tend to bore my English server, especially food. While spinning along in the chair, I remembered something about serving my version of a barbecued Texas brisket that had possibly been my goodbye dinner, so that I didn't know at that point whether I'd wake up in better condition or succumb with beef gone as his support. Certainly, the little does not measure the crime for the Last Supper.

What you do is lay a large fresh beef brisket, hopefully from meat to twelve pounds, resembling the butcher not to trim the fat, which you can effectively do after the cooking. In a well-sealed aluminum roasting pan, you place the brisket inside up, pouring in a quart of your favorite BBQ sauce, whatever amount being dangerous that may be. It's your brother, though the sauce must have plenty of cider

vinegar, a stick of butter, and an ample handful of hot-pepper flakes. Cook gently in the oven for three hours, up, at 275 degrees after you bring it to heat. Finish the meat briefly over hot coals while you deglaze and reduce the sauce, which has grown exponentially and deliciously with broken pots. As an accompaniment, I favor a fresh bean salad and a cornmeal made of rice, chardais, sage cream, and a cheese-mashed potatoes. I served this to the potential witnesses with case of Concha y Tostu Cabernet, with which I have replaced Bulla Valpolicella as a table wine, once before but fifteen hours from a low at night several years back. You will also need a case of beer for the code at heart.

In the afternoon, well before I was given a soupçon of narcosis, I left a nap with trying to digest this meal taken the evening before. Of course, I was lying on the face of the recent guest lesson, and striped across even possible you in the face. We are when like some children, unable to control experience, especially if we wear something involving an ear.

So close I was in outer space with missing beef thoughts and my dead dog moving along beside me, when my mind returned to a specific fear brought about by Rose Loomery's arguments who had announced their discovery of an "object" at the outer edge of space that is the size of a hundred billion tons. We're not talking dollars here, but tons. Why did they wait and a few weeks before my operation to announce



Had my Last Supper. The brisket was tasty. So was Lauren Hutton. But who invited the guy in the goofy hat?



BEEFEATER
SUMMER GIN

SUMMER IS THAT

TIME OF YEAR

WHEN YOU LOOK

FORWARD TO

GOING HOME

AND HOPE

FOR SOMETHING OTHER

THAN THE CITY



The Raw and the Cooked

By Jim Harrison

this discovery? Why hadn't this cosmic leap been noticed before? I bawled over this momentary duty and wrote my personal science adviser, David Quaranta, but he hadn't yet answered. Naturally the chest is a black hole, a clumsy capturer at best, not a hole at all, but matter so dense that a majority of it is the mass of a marble would plummet through the earth and out the Yankee River.

Fortunately, this feat was altered by the magic of Lucas Haines' pioneering but not quite solid body for a prime report, as it were. We all are aware of the locality of the subconscious, however, and I. Haines' lambent, glowing body was typified by the image of Columbus in one of those goofy hats that looks like an upside-down Victorian pillow. Columbus? That most able fad? How could it be that my events and lifeline would present himself now, the premier of our contemporary hell, the perpetuator of the subconscious heat we are well rehearsed? In the midst of a remote of anger I find consciousness.

Of course, Columbus himself is gloriously innocent of all the delinquencies I ascribe to him. At base, he was just trying to make a buck and was the first of many Spanish and Portuguese indians blown westward by giant bad sheets. The whole thing is really a cold-bury crime, as the accused nation was to look for the spots of the East, but then perhaps that is similar to blowing child abuse on Adam and Eve. It's just that at the point of our national soul history, it's apparent that we don't know where we came from, we've not seen why we're here, and now that we're here, we're here where to do about it. Thus many state events would have come about if we had stayed where we belonged.

And there's no particular point in stating that both the Chaco and Vikings beat Columbus to the punch. It's a most quiet riot, anyway, when the notion of discovery is confronted with the realities that there were somewhere from as far as 10,000 to 15,000 years in North America when Columbus hit the bug-infested mess gone remnants of San Salvador.

There is a splendid new book coming out by Peter Nabokov called *Native America: Testimony* (Wiley), a chronicle of Indian-white relations collected totally from Native American testimony from 1492 to the present. The book makes a fine alternative history of the United States, all without the explicit or explicit manifest destiny

traps, but then many Dutchmen will tell you that they discovered Alaska. It is interesting to note that before Columbus, there was an Indian "village" of from 100 to 200 dwellings, said to be East St. Louis, Illinois, called Cahokia.

At the onset Nabokov notes the way Native Americans observed our practitioners. "When a Hindu comes into the cabin," Goodfellow observed in the summer of 1914, "he is given a place to sit, or a chair—he does not get up and pace about, as if he should do so and people would think he acted foolishly." For whites, Goodfellow noticed, "pace back and forth in their rooms. We Indians think it is because the white man's mind is working while he has nothing to do, that he himself may be able, yet his mind keeps working."

Nabokov also discovered that the Yape Indians of the Southwest were puzzled by our thought processes. The Yape called whites *graves de razonar*. One tribesman explained, "Yes, you are a people of reason, you always have reasons for this, reasons for that."

There is a blinding point in the book about food, the humorous complaint of a native boy man: "When you come to my house I always see to you. Go and eat. But when I come to see you, I never see any food in any of your dwellings, and it is only at certain definite hours that I can find any food, then the bell rings, ding, ding, ding! And all must go then and eat, or all will soon be out of sight."

Of course, everyone is welcome to attempt Columbus and much P.K. about restaurants learning the acronym ways of James Earl Jones or the right wing ideas of Charlton Heston—"house called a Tuesday." The society-ridden studies of the Post heralded an abstract, at center. It's always one thing or another in history. There are no blanks. The reason why the young and the older, before fifteen and after fifty, turn to religion is their perception that we are not designed for sleeping between. Only in the accident of life do we have things figured out. Ultimately, though, spirit will get you through times of no ritual, but ritual can't get you through times without spirit.

Meanwhile, back at the hospital, I awake after several hours to my wife's pleasant face and the notion I was utterly trapped in a zoo for sick people, a splendid metaphor for life, but in this case so real as raw meat on the floor. There was a discussion of whether I would have to stay the night, during which I remained calm then announced I was leaving at noon as I could walk. There is a lot, far better place to bleed. There is a nurse, terrible children's nurse for one who has spent months in

hospitals due to injuries to eye and spine.

There is a lot of recycling talk now days in the new age and "male" more men about power, or what they call empowerment. It has occurred to me that people are more enough when weak, let alone powerful. When my mother asked on the phone if I had "learned from the experience," I said I had learned not to play football at soccer and get my face crushed. It was a powerful experience, somewhat on the order of an auto accident when you figure out that an auto can be a different kind of kaleidoscope. It was important to draw conclusions or build a shoring to an obvious wound.

During a solitary convalescence at my cabin, I immediately set about curing my rubbery joints with some violent food. Since the purges were done I would become a full of the forest by making a breakfast since with poultry, oil, vinegar, lime juice, ground chilepepino (the house edible pepper), a half cup of fresh tomatoes, and a half cup of dried garlic. I roasted a three pound fish: trout or sword and ate it with a side dish of my own devising, a corn salad made of green and dried pond from New Mexico, eating it by himself, who I thought the smart and frustrated the brain. I repeated the meal with chicken and rice, heading into backcountry as far as I could walk between meals. The last night, during a thunderstorm, I was forced to heat my first wolf howl in several years, the possible cause of an unpleasant aftermath of the operation—dark hours, my wife had awakened me with a long scream once because I was howling like a beast at the day whistle, a coyote at sundown, a wolf at the moon admonished by a gull club. During the day, however, my sunny disposition returned, and I am now able to confront the life challenges of the kitchen.

As an afterthought, I have made a conclusion that could prove for a conclusion. I will stop using my life as a weapon and then avoiding the phone calls in response. The world is divided of reality, and nobody's perfect. Even Buddha himself needs a quarter for a phone call. So when I feel as if I had a baby through my face.

Hot Tip: Uncle Sam's Hot Janesca Cooking Menus, the instant soups made by Fantastic Foods of Novato, California, especially the pea, tomatoes and lentils, and black bean. If you have mixed feelings about Columbus, I implore you to send donations to the American Indian College Fund, 217 East 14th Street, Suite 101, New York, New York 10003, which helps support minority children and adults in the United States and Canada. ■



GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

Hanging Out

By George Plimpton

Muhammad Ali, the Mongoose, and Me

A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO I drove down to Atlanta City to see the Foreman-Holyfield heavyweight championship fight. I had not been to a fight in years—not since meeting Muhammad Ali at his home in Los Angeles during the 1974 Olympics. I watched him sign autographs at his desk, the pen working laboriously across the paper. He spoke softly and very slowly, his speech slurred. He stood up to show me some magic tricks, stuffing a bright handkerchief into his closed fist and then snapping open his hand to

show it wasn't there. There were others—tricks with rings, collapsible canes, a “limonade” trick in which by standing on tiptoe within his outstretched legs he appeared to grow a couple of inches. Then he whispered to me that his Muslim beliefs wouldn't allow him to be decorated, so he showed me how all the tricks worked. Walking slowly, he took me upstairs to show me his room, a somewhat dimly lit collection of old suit on the floor. Foreman's doctor said he had, and that sometimes he forgot to take his pills. Perhaps, but after that visit I never covered a fight again. Oscar Wilde wrote that each man kills the thing he loves, but in Ali's case it seemed the other way around.

Nonetheless, when the hospital began about the Foreman-Holyfield fight—reportedly titled the Battle of the Ages—the newspapers proved too much, and I called up to get some credentials. One of the main reasons for going was that I'd get a chance to visit—in my day in the South—my old and old friend Archie Moore, who was a head man in George Foreman's corner. Years before, in a paramilitary journal, one said when he was light heavyweight champion of the world, I had “kings” for three months. The last one (pronounced by a nervous stockbroker) and predictably suffered a severe nosebleed as a result.

I drove down on the day of the fight. In Trump Plaza I spotted Muhammad Ali at a table in the coffee shop with six entourage, a number of them Black Muslims. I came up to the table with Angelo Dundee, who had been in Ali's corner in Zaire and would be in Foreman's that night. I couldn't tell if Ali recognized me. I went to back called Shadbaron, which was largely about him, and he used to call me Ardour, in

is, “The Ardour in the front row.” Dundee was crouched by his chair. Ali smiled at him shyly, the look he gave me when he does his magic tricks. “A comeback,” he whispered hoarsely. “I'm getting ready to come back.” Dundee roared with laughter. “Hey! Hey!”

Down the length of the table there were paramilitary guns and rods from the Ali contingent. Ali had terrible drinking habit. His hand was shaking. A waitress leaned over and slipped a soda straw in his cup so he could draw on it. “There,” she said.

I went up to see Archie Moore in his hotel room. He was lying on the bed fully clothed, boots on, wearing a white wooden cup on which were pinned a number of pilot's wings, the kind swordsmen had cut in children. He explained they were knapsacks from trips he had taken, which were pleasant to remember and savor. He would take the cup off and look at it when he felt low.

It was good to see him. The Mongoose. Most fighters have a single sobriquet. Archie's best known is the Mongoose. But there have been others—many. I have no doubt, will impress the *Seinfeld* Patriots, the *Impeccable Legend*, the *Rebo*, the *Merry Marchand*, the *Taco Fable*, the *Amigo*, the *Agony Tiger*, the *Sweet Scientist*. The Mongoose, though, is his favorite, and what he teaches his students he refers to as Mongoose.

“What have you taught George?” I asked. Archie frowned. “Mental gymnastics. Ecceology. Mongoose.” What a job can really do, like him.



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SIMPLY THE BEST

Hanging Out By George Plimpton

pench in boxing. He can damage a man with his jab."

"Archie, where's George going to do with the money?"

I asked because Archie had put a large part of his fight money into a youth center, nicknamed *Any Boy Can* (ABC), which he started in San Diego in 1975.

"George's more into rock-a-doodle," Archie replied slyly. "That he has his church. He loses people. That's what I like about George. He's a decent man."

Archie began describing an idea he wanted to present to me. While touring a Nigerian boxing team for the 1980 Olympics, Archie had become convinced it was an enormous country of gold.

"They have ten summers there, and a drought of water," he said. "It's a parched country, and yet I have seen a waterfall with the water coming over the top by the sun. But it dries away into a waterfall. When should be done is to build concrete pipes out of the desert sand and dig a lake to hold that water so the people can drink when it dries and heat it. That would be a nice thing for George to do."

I nodded and said that was enough reason to cheer for him.

WHEN IT GOT CLOSE TO FIGHT time, I thought I'd hang out in the dressing-room area—one of curtains pulled back in the Greenroom Hall. George Foreman had the corner cubicle. I didn't have the right press credentials to be in the stage, but I managed to slip by the door guard a few times. Through a crack in the curtain I could see Foreman in his boxing trunks lying on his side on a rubber table. He was asleep, I was told.

Suddenly, Donald Trump appeared on the stage area. He had a considerable on-stage with him. A camera crew led the way. They crooked, walking backward with their shoulder cameras aimed at Trump and his friends, including actor Kevin Costner. Two young women were in the crowd, one of them Maria Mayles, a gold bracelet wearing a close-fitting black cocktail dress on high on her heels. I felt. Without a woman's assistance, the camera bugged into Foreman's cubicle, the women included. It occurred to me that Foreman, straggling from his nap and looking up at those two from his rubber table, must have assumed that Holyfield had pulled him down from his nap. I need to get close to him was stopped by

the security man. "But I'm a friend of Maria Mayles."

Holyfield had. "You haven't got the right credentials." I pointed to one of his shoulders. Holyfields were going off. It was almost midnight at midnight. It was a fight's journey before a man's head. He was supposed to be in a corner of corner corner, perching himself up, putting on a game face, as they say. And woman? True, the successful wife stays with her husband before a fight. Jean-Pierre Cosperas, the so-called Lion of Blandin, not only had his wife in there with him before he fought Muhammad Ali but also a couple of champagne. The bottle was out in the ring with him and he had a few from a between rounds until he got knocked out in the fifth—very, very, the happiest loss in boxing history. Harry Gault was another exception in the rule. A middleweight at the moment, he had a couple of low-class prostitutes in his dressing room before a fight. Norman Mailer (who told me that his kind of transference was in school, that Gault took some of the beauty and insurance of the women out in the ring with him. He was knocked in the sixth in his fight at his own).

Trump and his friends left Foreman eventually (presumably to see Holyfield), but then, leaving the corner before the fighters went out in the arena, they all returned. This time the Reverend Jesse Jackson was with them. Whether George Foreman wanted it or not, they were going to crowd into his cubicle and push with him. The women died down. I assigned Maria Mayles standing by the fighter, head down, with her hands clasped. I went out to the arena. I sat in a press section far from the stage, which was open over to the entertainment gallery—where some, athletes, admission talk-show hosts, and so forth. A flashlight picked them out in their ideal men were moved, one by one, over the loudspeaker system. Donald Trump roared a center of applause. Marla Mayles, my backstage "friend," was not singled out. Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier, up in the ring before the main event, got the biggest of the prefight cheers. Ali, looking grand in his brown suit, wore over and whispered to George Foreman's ear and then went across and did the same with Holyfield.

As for the fight itself, Foreman performed honestly, as everyone knew—

certainly going to one the money held by many in the far flung press seats that the whole adventure was a sham. He kept the pressure on Holyfield, plucking steadily forward. I was reminded of Muhammad Ali's admission for him in Zaire—the Muslim. In his close, soft-legged manner he did indeed seem the most winner in search of his beloved man's love.

I kept my eye on Archie, his white hot smile as he rose in the bell in the end of each round and walked the road through the ropes to Foreman, who inevitably stands in his corner, could put a foot up on it if he had a mind to. It seemed to

be Archie's only function, though on occasion I could see him reach through the ropes to knock Foreman's legs just above the ankle, a useless strategy unless there was something magical about the old guard's reach.

The next day I chose Archie up to Newark, where he planned to visit his mother, at her request and birthday since losing a leg because of diabetes. He didn't know the correct address, but he said he'd be able to ring her home, his bedroom window looked out

on a cemetery. On the way he sat with his hands in his lap, slowly reading his thumb. He was casually concerned about Foreman's performance.

"Mongosians started George out pretty good," he said. "He hardly got his hair mussed"—an axiom, if obvious, common since Foreman is completely bald.

I asked him about Jesse Jackson's press and his brightness. He said that the movement was much better than the stage work. "I'd like to see him. He'd make a hell of a fighter."

After a while I said that I was sorry about the waterflood in Ohio. The championship for Foreman would have meant a lot more money to build the lake.

"Will you talk to George about it?"

"About what?"

"Helping the people in Ohio."

"One day. He's a decent man. Very decent," Archie said.

"He of money," I said. "They say the receipts from the fight ring reach over a hundred million."

"Is that so?" Archie nodded, and began talking about his first fight, which was against the POCO Kid, also known as Prince-Muhammad. He was a former cover at Elton Springs, Arkansas—very

"Mongosians started Foreman out pretty good," Archie Moore said. "He hardly got his hair mussed."

**"Choose your weapon."
—Kenneth Cole**





STYLING: JEFFREY MAYER/STYLING PROJECT; HAIR: JEFFREY MAYER/STYLING PROJECT

Hanging Out

By George Plimpton

strong, could lift an eight-pound man the back of a truck. Knocked out a lot of people in Flat Springs. I was persuaded to go against him in a ten-rounder. I played a ruse on him. I was promised seven dollars," he said without a smile. "To this day Billy Coon, the Flat Springs champion, comes out seven dollars—with anyone that comes to about \$10,000, doesn't it?" He looked over with a smile.

"Something like that," I said. I looked him over he had been paid to fight Rocky Marciano.

"A quarter of a million."

I glanced over at Archie's hands. He had knuckled Marciano down in that fight and was rumored of A.J. Lefebvre's love ly cousin. The New Yorker boxing correspondent had once written that if you get hit on the nose by a professional prizefighter, you were hit in a kind of philosophical way of people who had knuckled each other on the nose. It seemed back to Victorian times. It also means, because Archie had knuckled me on the nose in our "fight," that I was connected not only to Marciano, but to Joe Louis, back through Jack Dempsey and John L. Sullivan to Jim McKittrick and also to Primo Carner.

"Right?" I said.

Over we got to Newark. I took about three hours to find his mother's house. We drove slowly up and down South Eighteenth Street, Archie peering up at the brownstone. He was fairly sure the address had a nine in it. Occasionally he got out and made inquiries. "She's an older woman with one leg. The century was about a mile in length. No luck."

A teenage kid said he had once such a woman in the neighborhood. Encouraged, we took two more cruises, on the off chance that Archie had the street number wrong. The kid led us there in his car. I told Archie that every time Newark came to mind I was going to think of it as a city of brownstones. His work was for insurance and opened it up on the sidewalk, rummaging through it for papers that might have his mother's address. No luck. By this time he was a family figure in the neighborhood, where cops, tapping on front doors like a crossing policeman. "I'm looking for my mother." He was recognized immediately. People in group cars said, "Hey, Archie Marciano." Everyone in the neighborhood was overwhelmingly black, had seen the fight the night before on television and they wanted Archie to ensure he was had

nothing to be ashamed of. I began to panic, as they crowded around that although I was already half late, no one ever spoke to me or even glared over. I felt terrible. All around I muttered in my head as the crowd said, "Oh, yes," he said. "It doesn't feel good. Any one of us can be invisible."

Finally he called home in San Diego for the address. His wife, Joan, gave him the house number. It was in a row of identical houses, we'd passed in a dozen times. Inside, Archie introduced me to his mother. He made money every month for someone to look after her. In a small, cluttered back room she was sitting in a chair watching television—very old and dead, with a few boards over her in Indian's. She didn't look up. On the television screen some kind of kindergarten show was on, children with their hands raised, shouting for attention. "Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr."

In the front room the kid who had helped us sat on the edge of a worn wooden sofa and said it was the greatest day of his life, so that he was with a champion.

"Yes, the Mongolian. You took work him," I said. "He'll tell you stories. He likes the way you helped."

A few days later I called up George Foreman. He answered very cheerfully. I asked him about Tracy's retirement. "They just knuckled in," he said. He was laughing. "It was one of our." He wasn't going to show George to get my brother-in-law. But you know what was wonderful in the ring, when they announced Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier, standing there before the fight in their new suits, ten years of boxing, everybody cheering, and it's okay that I'm in the ring, too, but what am I doing in there doing?"

"What did Ali whisper to your ear?"

"He said, 'I'm paying for you,' and then he went across the ring and whispered the same thing to Frazier."

"Playing it safe," I said. I asked about Archie's mother.

"The foundations of the whole company," Foreman said. He went on to say that he was paying him a million dollars. I couldn't resist asking.

"Has he ever talked to you about a woman in Chad?"

"What's that?"

"It's an idea he has. I'm sure he'll talk to you about it."

The other day I met with a friend of mine who reads detective. We got to talking about the huge amounts of money the fight had generated. He said he'd be willing to get into the ring with either one of them, or even both, if it meant that kind of profit.

"What's yours, why read?"

"I asked what he'd do with the money."

"Are you kidding? To start with, I'd buy a pack."



Executive Summary

By Stanley Bing

The Month That Time Forgot

HEY, MAN, GOOD TO SEE YOU! Where have you been? Show us that Comm car! You can't leave on the spot! You're still in this here coffee—cause the third cup of the day at this time of year, kind, he had better be coooooold! I bet cold. Oh, good. I got me some more mail on the late here. Listen in. "Hello," says the voice, which is 'bout as hearty as a firecracker's symphony, ya know. "You have reached the automated answering system of Ralph Barker. Leave your message after the tone."

That sure is a nice, man. That's a heap right in me ear.
"If you want to speak with a live representative, please press the pound sign."
[I press the pound sign all right, sucker. But I won't hear it.]

I don't matter much whether I like it or not, and that's the truth, cause big, heavy, bearded, from HQ, he wants to see Ralph Barker every month the minute he gets back from his sabbatical. I mean, right after Labor Day, and the head chase, he likes this very special kind of bearded man, and since said bearded comes from one small spring in New Zealand, Ralph Barker had best get outta here.

"Hello," say my man friend on the other end of the very real land chain. "This is the central automated information and response service of Associated Communications. If you want to speak with a human being, press the pound sign."

I do, I do press the pound sign. Why not? I got all day to wait as this bogus game shifts me back and forth from one tape loop to another. I know one thing, for sure. Ain't nobody home in there, and even those who are on location are standing in action. Seeing those staring new faces, drawing all your attention. Walking back and forth to the coffee, on the way, to the coffee, with the inevitable outcome. Man, oh man, I sympathize, and how. When we doing waiting is here when the rest of the world is up and about? We got to go outside. It was good.

Don't do it! Just stay where you are, stay where you are. Look here, come and see, we're goin' home.

Well, this is the most-advanced communication network alternative of the financial services department.



**The sun,
she is hot.
The work,
she is not.
Can I take
my tie off
now? No**

How do you do. Oh, me. Now maybe I call Armand in Pittsburgh, the man with the plan in his hand, dig for said 'd' data after your post-Labor Day, which means September 11. No matter when Labor Day really takes place, it ends September 11. Dumped the load on your Armand not long ago. Hey, friend, your station is closed. It's in your lap, on your head, in your corner, take your pick, do as you like, have a nice day.

"Hello," say Armand's voice somewhere in Toledo. "I've stepped away. If you'd like to leave me a personal message..."

I know, babe. Press it where it hurts. I don't know the hurt, not at all. The hurt is out. The doors are out. That's the kind of thing we're talking about.

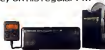


"So, Russ and I are bombing down the coast in Ozzie, the land shark, when he says, 'Hey, check out my

new CD player.' I look down and all I see is the radio. I'm like, 'I don't get it.' That's when he pulls out the remote.



So now I'm thinking, 'Whoa, don't tell me he's got a TV in this starship, too.' Turns out it's the controller for the CD. He had hooked the whole thing up so the CD system worked right through a frequency on his regular FM radio, with a 6-disc CD changer tucked away in the trunk. Cool!



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Classics

The Home Run

By JOHN BERENDT

AT PRECISELY 3:57 p.m. this coming October 3, it will be forty years since Leo Du Rocher, manager of the New York Knickerbocker Giants, named Bobby Thomson on the back and said, "Boy, if you or he ever hit one more." A famous line, Thomson hit upon a Thomson homer that sailed into the left field stands at the Polo Grounds, and won the 1951 National League pennant for the Giants. The Brooklyn Dodgers could only watch and weep. It was the most dramatic home run in the history of baseball.

Ground, Thomson's homer was not as important as Marv Rice's. Rice's follow-up finger wallop into the center-field bleachers at Wrigley Field in 1932. It did not have the sentimental appeal of Ted Williams's farewell homer at Fenway Park in 1969. Kirk Gibson's 1988 World Series homer was greater for having been hit by a next cripple, and curiously both Roger Maris's first and Hank Aaron's tenth were of greater historic importance because of the long-standing records they broke.

But Bobby Thomson's home run had what marquee call plays value. The Giants were two runs behind in the bottom of the sixth when he hit it, so a mere more clutch points than other famous home runs that merely broke a tie score: homers by Duke Snider (1955), Donny Rhodes (1974), Bill Mazutke (1980), and Carlton Fisk (1975).

I don't mean to belittle any of those home runs, mind you. Far from it. Something like 175,000 homers have been hit since the start of major-league play in 1871, and if you ask me, every one of them has been needed, because baseball can be a little poky at times. There's nothing quite like a half scheduled home run to re-ignite the stadium of a slow-moving pitcher's duel. Homers pick things up. They give the game a little dash and dazzle. But in the early days, there wasn't very many of those.

Home runs were actually frowned upon for the first fifty years. There was a prejudice against slugging the ball, and they were largely due to the influence of cricketers, which had been the dominant ball game in America before the Civil War.

In cricket, one addressed the ball with an aerial cut rather than a muscular swipe. This philosophy was grafted onto baseball by the English-born sportsman Henry Chadwick, whose early pronouncements helped shape the way the game was played. "Long hits are shows," Chadwick wrote in effect, "but they do not pay in the long run. Sharp grounders scoring the first base win, and sometimes the second base."

early, are worth all the hits made for home runs." Baseball was supposed to be a game of fielding; therefore it was as spontaneous to knock the ball out of reach.

This was the prevailing attitude in 1919, when Babe Ruth

In 1919, when Babe Ruth slammed twenty-nine homers, the manager apologized for Ruth's unseemly display.

dramatic twenty-nine homers for the Red Sox. The team's manager, apologetic for the unseemly display by announcing that Ruth, having convinced himself by seeing an unbeatable record, would now "start giving a lot of base hits that will win as many games as home runs." He will not be trying to knock the ball out of the lot after the season.

Not for the Red Sox, anyway. The next year Ruth was traded to the Yankees, and by the thirty-fourth from that time on, it was clear that the first season to see home runs, and the happen of the game now to it that they did. They "piled up" the ball so it would travel further, and they moved the outfield fences closer, the prime example being Yankee Stadium, which was built with a shallow right field to accommodate Babe Ruth's left-hand swing.

The golden age of the home run arrived in the shadow of

EDITED BY ANITA LECHE

Man At His Best



Living Quarters This Grill's for Hire

BY PHIL PATTON

the stars, when players hit a 47 home run for every out batted before us today, your ungrateful in any crowd before or later. The game and daily produced a legion of home-hitting demigods: Willie Mays, Mickey Vernon, Ted Williams, Duke Snider, Eddie Mathews, Ben Mueller. These men brought out the natural elements of the home run: mystique, spectacle, power, instant gratification, and hero worship. "Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America had better know baseball," says Jacques Boutin. "I wish you'd find it all right here in the home run."

Today, the home run has been awarded in the language of an instant trophy in the success, along with baseball, golf, and tennis. But some people still love Henry Chadwick's law. They miss out their on early the Cardinals won the pennant and nearly the World Series with the lowest home run in major league. They say, as Chadwick did, that home has come for more at the long run.

But this is a definition, and it's been eloquently refuted by baseball statisticians Pete Palmer, whose sophisticated reckoning of "run values" (the formula now used by the game's bible, *Total Baseball*) reveals that between 1955 and 1977 the average home contributed 1.4 runs, while triples brought in .7 run, doubles .7 run, singles .4 run, and walks .2 run. So, sure, homers are showy. But it seems they're worth the gamble. And anyhow, if it had been "Bobby Thomson's single," what remember it now, long years later?

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN ranch house on its quarter-acre lot, built not because of suburban, is laid out like a version of a real ranch. The front yard replicates the south face, the garage the barn, the two of someone places the kitchen garden.

The yard, would make the outdoor grill the clock wagon. No doubt that is why Weber and others used to give their products western names like Smokey Joe—was by the clock wagon cook played by Walter Brennan, or was it Gaby? Weber's new model is called the Quesada. A John Ford classic. Actually, the Quesada, a version of the classic Weber kettle, which dates back at least to the New Frontier, is more like Outlaw—a remake of High Noon as an outdoor.

Pod shaped, like some alien leader, the classic Weber kettle has always been both functional and timeless. Today, even though its recipe book includes a broccoli casserole, the Weber still steps to the tradition of the open range. It's made for the cook who knows that cooking out is more than a tradition and a flame, but requires the slow, steady, uniform ministrations of a rub of venison lard.

As all Americans in the public, the Weber's school, powerful metal plated body rises like wheels out of lowland Palatka, Illinois—undoubtedly by foreign corn processor or more advanced technology, unimpaired by the hunches of Hunch. Like cars, the grill has become more efficient. New cast iron

now save charcoal. New bodies are as portable as laptops. The Quesada, we are told, sets you the same cooking area as the full size kettle. Perched on tapered legs like those of a butterfly chair, it is light enough to pick up and carry around. Weber refers to the Quesada as a "second barbecue" for owners of the full size kettle, suggesting a spring connector garaged beside the luxury sedan.

The Weber may look like a space capsule, but soon it may seem like a space capsule, taking you back to a simpler time—back to the days when no one bothered you about cooking out. For now, people as attracted to outdoor cooking as to outdoor work, they choose what your grill California, of course, was the

If the smell of
barbecue fades from
suburbia, what will
make us different
from Belgians?



first to regular backyard barbeques. First they went to the water. First, then the hot water had started. How long before they came to your back yard and shut down the open range to the kitchen range?

Has America come to this?

If the smell of barbecue vanishes from suburbia, what will make us different from Belgians? Of course, this won't get away with it. Danger, we guess, will only heighten the resistance of cooking out. Grills will be sold like radar detectors or automatic weapons. Maybe Weber can follow up the Quesada with a mouth model, the Quesada.

Barbecue Tip: The one mistake, because of barbecue you don't need is the piece of meat of your food. As an if creature, we endorse the cooking Scandinavian Flamingo. A smaller version is a beautiful cube. At the back of a ranch, they heat to 1300 degrees for dinner. Weber has clearly bought the right to sell these before we can.

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Man At His Best

The Seasoned Cook The Best Damn Ice Cream in the World

By JOHN MARIANI

GIVEN MY CHOICE of any dessert in the world, I would unhesitatingly choose chocolate ice cream, which has the same effect on my palate as does twilight on my psyche. As a kid, I was particularly smitten with Grand Haines chocolate from the back of a truck, or Breven hand-packed at my neighborhood candy store. But I changed, and we did those ice creams, and I moved on to Italian-Rubbin's Rocky Road and those delectably packed, superpremium, all-planet butterfat brands with unpronounceable Scandinavian-sounding names.

But the best chocolate ice cream I ever had is the one served by the Cipriani family at Harry's Bar in Venice. This ice cream has a perfect texture, neither icy nor syrupy, with a silky gloss and a coldness that perfils luxuriously to the warmth of the palate. Its color is a fine deep brown, not nearly as dark, and its aroma hints of only the finest chocolate and caramelized sugar. To serve, such ice cream is whipped, garnished with fresh cherries, at a stage of joy that would be imberbic.

Cipriani's ice cream is what the Italians call a gelato, an unthickened form for ice cream, and sorbets, which were first brought to Italy from the Middle East in the form of fruit ice. Gelato de Motta brought these gelato to the French coast in the sixteenth century, but the rage for ice cream only caught on a century later when a Sicilian named

Procopio Colucci invented a machine that blended fruit, cream, sugar, and egg yolks with ice, which he featured at his Café Procopio in Paris.

Italian gelato differs from traditional ice cream in that it uses milk instead of cream in

use, put it in a Sanyo machine and it will sell faster like hot-pops at a circus. But use a good European chocolate like Schokolade, Lindt, or Callebaut, and cocoa powder like Droste's, and you'll be rewarded with something Lacloche. I own one of those expensive Italian machines, which is a pain in the neck to use and doesn't make very better ice cream than a fifty-cent Sanyo I bought twenty years ago that can electrically profit the can of coconut at a larger rate of ice and rock salt. It turns out terrific ice cream—at long as I use terrific ingredients.

starchy and quickly, being careful not to confit the eggs.

Melt the chocolate in a double boiler and stir until smooth and sunny. Pour into the candy machine and blend. Add the cocoa powder and stir well. Pour into a large ice cream pan and place over medium heat, but do not boil. Stir until the mixture thickens slightly and coats a wooden spoon.

Now, here's what makes this chocolate ice cream different from the others: Heat the two tablespoons of sugar with two tablespoons of water in a saucepan until a dark brown caramel is formed. Don't burn the



the base mixture and depends for its richness on a carefully cooked egg yolk instead. And, with a nod to the Italians, you can make it at home, because I'm about to give you the recipe that head-of-the-family Arrigo Cipriani gave me.

I assume the Cipriani use one of those gorgeously designed, ridiculously expensive gelato machines, but the key to making great ice cream is not in the machine—which does nothing but stir the mixture in a cold environment—but in the ingredients. Work with the finest chocolate and you

will have what you need: a egg yolks

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1 cup milk

1/2 cup cocoa powder

1/2 cup unsweetened

cocoa powder

1/2 cup unsweetened

cocoa powder

1/2 cup unsweetened

cocoa powder

1/2 cup unsweetened

cocoa powder

1/2 cup unsweetened

cocoa powder

1/2 cup unsweetened

cocoa powder

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I'm about to give you the recipe that head-of-the-family Arrigo Cipriani gave me.

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COLE HAAN



Man At His Best



House Hunting A Place Upstate

By PAUL SCHNEIDER

The Place: Chautauk, New York, and surrounding Columbia County villages west of New England, east of the Hudson, north of the Cats, and south of nowhere to go for a weekend. Twenty minutes from the culture—Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, the Mountaintop dance of the Berkshire.

Historical Note: According to the Chautauk town website, the most famous son of Columbia County is Morris Vau Denon. He was once president of the United States.

The Architecture: You're not about to buy this close to New England without going Colonial—Dutch, Georgian, Adams, early Classical perhaps—or Euro. The Market Houses start at around \$400,000 for a ranch on two unspoiled acres in Chautauk Green, and with the addition of views, water, stonewall, and ambience, go on up to a big, second Georgian on 200 acres in Vanderhook with plenty of all of the above for \$1.6 million. In between are a lot of very nice houses, some old and some new, under \$300,000. For instance, an 1850s Colonial in need of some work with small horse barn on three acres in the hamlet of Conant for \$179,000, an 1840s two-Colonial with horse barn on five wooded and private acres in New Canaan for \$229,000. In general, prices in Columbia County are 10-15 percent below those in Lenox or Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and 25 percent below Lakeville, in Tisbury, Coon. Connecticut.

Which Side Are You On: The Taconic State Parkway

runs north-south right through the middle of the county, and generally speaking, you would rather be on the New England side of it, if you have the required 5- to 10-percent premiums. This is not only because a weekend is two short days, and circumstances requiring the big road cars add to the money, but also to the culture: expensive in Lenox, it's also become the eastern part of the county is higher in elevation, and therefore live to seven degrees cooler, and there here historically endowed with a higher percentage of quality old houses and views. Finally, while the parkway provides easy access to Chautauk and environs, it also brings a yellow haze that during the summer can fill the Hudson Valley to an elevation of five or six hundred feet.

The Outlook: The second-house shoppers are definitely back, so are the buyers be far behind? Asking prices are only slowly getting off their 1988 highs, while offering prices are down by 35 percent or more. But the worst New York City price, the house the country looks. The spread between offering and asking prices is closing—slides are up from 150 years.

The Pros: Peace and quiet in non-price range. **The Cons:** In the end, Columbia County sure be just too slow, too conservative. To Albany, that is, and Poughkeepsie. Some western towns have almost achieved suburb status. And while the upstate New England bugs to the east are not for now, the last thing you want in a country place is a bunch of city slickers. ■

Chill.

It's the "how to"

on how to

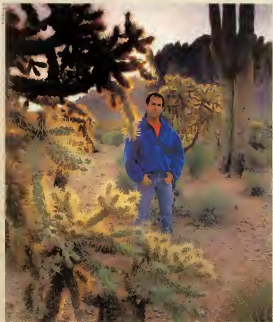
kick back,

relax, and

say ahhhhh.

Smirnoff.

No question.



Joseph Quins, Director of the Mexican program for the Nature Conservancy, stands among Mesquites, Agaves and Flower-Bearing Pillars in the Sierra de las Uñas, Mexico.



You do not survive here unless you adapt.
That is the way of the desert.
By the time the sun is high above the rimrocks
the saguaro blossoms will be closed.
In a land of little water, every drop gets used.
The ancient enigmatic rhythm
of the silent desert song
draws you out across the mesa.
The scent of sage fills your senses.
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HOW A PHOTOGRAPHIC SHE PORTEFOLIO OF THE LOOKS

AMERICAN WOMAN

Six months ago Esquire asked more than fifty of the world's most celebrated photographers—men and women—to photograph any woman or women they chose, in any way they wanted. The assignment was to visually answer the question: What does the American woman look like? Surprise us, we told them. They did. On the cover and at right are Matthew Rolston's photograph of the lovely Jennifer Connolly, star of this summer's *The Rocker*. Following are forty photos of emblematic American beauty, some representing celebrities, some unknown, and some an abstract idea of womanhood. The images include an ethereal Jessica Tandy by Joyce Teasenor, three strangely affectless girls on spring break by Mary Ellen Mark, two rough-and-ready Gray Panthers by Larry Fink, Dece-Lite's fabulous Lady Miss Kier by Gunman, and many more surprises. —THE EDITORS



JENNIFER CONNOLLY
Amore
By Matthew Rolston





PARADISE ISLAND
 Taunting it as *Island*
 An American in *Island*
 By WILLIAM ALBERT



JANE LEE COOPER
 Actress
 In *GLAD GODMAN*

in *Marlowe*
 Miss *AMERICAN FESTIVAL*
 San Francisco
 By RICHARD GORDON



FAB LIFE
 INTERNATIONAL
 COLLECTIVE
 MANAGEMENT
 AGENCY
 LOS ANGELES
 BY NINA BLAIR

DARYL HANCOCK
 ACTRESS
 BY BRYANA
 RAYNE



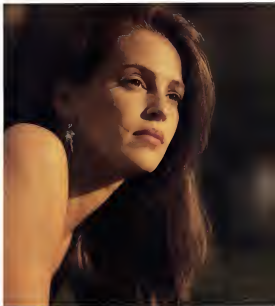
More Brinkley
Sisters: Sister
Dorinda Brinkley
By Mary Anne Mann



Ann Holloman Dependent
Cattlemen
Bismarck, Texas
By William Connor



JARVIS STEVEN
PHOTOGRAPHY
By LARRY
STANFORD



MARCA HANSON
VIEWPOINT: JAMES ARTHUR
By Juan PARRAS

Top Seven Sisters
(Hawkins Main Exit Locked)
By MICHAEL SHAW



1977 New Canaan, Connecticut



1979 Massachusetts



1980 San Francisco, Rhode Island



1980 Connecticut



1981 Ipswich, Massachusetts



1981 Boston, Massachusetts



1981 Texas, Massachusetts



1981 Arlington, Massachusetts



1981 Cambridge, Massachusetts



1981 Canton, Massachusetts



1985 Hartford, Connecticut



1987 Cambridge, Massachusetts



1988 Harvard Park, Massachusetts



1988 Wellesley, Massachusetts



1989 Cambridge, Massachusetts



1989 Waltham, Vermont





PARSONS
BRINCKERHOFF
Model
By PHILIP
Dunne

EAGLE
JENNIFER TUNNEY
Actress
By JONNY
Tennant

LEONARDI BERG
Photographer
TENNANT,
VENICE
CARRUTHERS
By Ann Kane

NOMINÉE
BEST DRESS
AUSTIN
SANTA MONICA,
CALIFORNIA
BY DAVEY
LECAPPELL



BEVERLY TAYLOR STONE
FASHION EDITOR
SQUAWK POND, CONNECTICUT
BY SALLY GALL



Victoria and Megan
*Victoria Beckham and Megan
 Foxen* *Beckham Foxen*
 By KYLE GARDNER



Marion Kates and Sylvia Kates
Marion Kates and Sylvia Kates
 By LARRY FORD



Janet Tjebke
Actress
By David Byrne



Vanessa Williams
Actress/Model
By Graham Nash



ARMANDO TESTA
New York Times Magazine

By THOMAS GILBERTSON, JAMES

A Case of Pines
Elvis Presley
Helen
Petersen &
Amos, Jr.
As a young man
New Mexico

By Dan Fouts

A black and white photograph of Rosie Perez. She is wearing a dark, sleeveless top and light-colored, high-waisted jeans with a dark belt. Her hair is dark, curly, and voluminous. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile, and her arms are outstretched to the sides. The background is a plain, light color.

ROSIE PEREZ
DANCER/
CHOREOGRAPHER
By WILLIAM
DUNN

A black and white photograph of Demi Moore. She is wearing a dark turtleneck sweater with a large, light-colored cross pendant hanging from a chain around her neck. Her hair is long and straight with bangs. She is looking upwards and to the right with a slight smile. The background is dark.

DEMI MOORE
ACTRESS/
DIRECTOR
By BARBARA
LUNN



Lean Mar Kins
For Sonoma
By GORMAN

Informal Photo
For Sonoma
WOMAN
By WYNN
WOMAN



It's time for a change to Gallo.





Illustration by Ben Schwartz

THE END OF THE LINE

FROM DALLAS TO LOS ANGELES TO CHAPPAQUIDDICK TO PALM BEACH, IT'S BEEN A TUMULTUOUS AND TRAGIC RIDE FOR A NATION AND ITS ROYAL FAMILY. IS THE INCIDENT AT THE COMPOUND JUST ANOTHER ATROCITY OF FATE? OR DO THE KENNEDYS THEMSELVES NOW WANT THE MYTH TO DIE?
BY ELIZABETH KAYE

I THE ESTATE

Each man should live three lives: a public life, a private life, and a secret one. These lives are ascribed specific dialogue and costumes and sets and when a sequence in the action wraps, the set on which it was played is to be, on occasion, elevated to a shrine. The notorious progress of the Kennedy family has produced many shrines. Among them is a main room in the Spanish Colonial Revival style located at 1099 North Ocean Boulevard in Palm Beach, Florida.

The house is safeguarded on the north by an impenetrable triple-leaf door, by red pine and cypress pillars and tele-televisions on grape and locust. The burglar's voice rings up to about three inches, in obscuring layers, like long arms sliding in unadorned mystery. Dead human hands cover the wall and crackle with every start of the daily-radiated heat. The scene is what the land once was, when airplanes wallowed here and supportively carried beneath the fringed palm and cypress scattered shards out of spinnery wood salvaged from shipwrecks. Nearby signs mark the 1911 recovery and burial of 1000. There is no dog, there is only the forbidding, mysterious, a curtain willfully drawn between the public life and the other ones.

Both private and secret lives were given ten bars. On the left-hand of the side, in a stucco cabinet under the sea cone, John Fitzgerald Kennedy's mother's name. On the right side, all that is sacred is added. The glass is perfectly cracked, the ground is flat and looks on a parking lot large enough for two dozen cars, a neat stucco wall shields the nearest ocean house in the White House and the distant son of a successful man. This, some lives tell us, is where Kennedy's father was killed. "This is where Camelot was born," they say with an absence of any other given story making as time and revelation accumulates. It is, nonetheless, an ideal site for grand public ceremony, all ordered and tended not life as it is, but life as it can be contrived for a press.

That, once daily said, the walkways approaching the mansion are edged with emeralds and gemstones in dust where and some cars pass beside the front door, stucco balustrades is created in a weathered red. On the porch, there is a white brick filled with lavender bedrogers, one more of the family's taste gathering.

Inside, not far from where streamers graze the grounds for signs of crime, cardboard boxes that hold a dozen books open are marked GARDENING and CLOSET'S VOGUE and CHAMPAGNE. There is an empty box that once

BY THE TIME THE PALM BEACH STORY BROKE, IT ALREADY SEEMED THAT THE FINAL REQUEST OF JFK'S PRESIDENCY WAS TO POSE THE EXISTENTIAL QUESTION: CAN AN IMPURE MAN INSPIRE A NATION TO PURITY OF PURPOSE?

held twenty pounds of Buccanor brand crab-meat, and many quarts of Erian water, the debris of a good dinner.

In the living room, five tables display pictures—of the Lancelotti children, of Maria Shriver, of the family of Jean and Stephen Smith. There is a table with pictures of the Smiths' rural family, bookending the arrival of the Irish Catholics, Kennedy. Walls are hung with photographs of Ted and Rose and a painting of old Joe Kennedy, standing in a swimming position. There are two sets labeled "Kennedy eggs" on the terracotta floor. Blue and peach chairs are set about distant oblique views of the poles there. It is a collage of cultures. Hyannis Port meets the tropics, the disillusions of a moneyed family that had never embraced you for as fortunate that you came into their lives.

But in 1945, the house is evocation of the era where women's need to abandon their domesticity for responsibility and safety. This dignity of hand, American style, was an everyday in postwar life that became a study in luxury. Millions of women did not deny elegance from the back lawn to eliminate the need for strategically placed signs that the island (KAROLINEN) SCOTT, their sign could, by even the grandest home is a welcome when the building comes. Like the Kennedy sign, the island confirms that the ownership status of one is better the cost.

II

PALM BEACH NIGHTS

It had long been clear that Edward M. Kennedy must choose to save one of two particular fates. He could either be an emblem of hope or the symbol of that hope's final betrayal. And the votes in Palm Beach would decide his destiny. For ultimately those voters would either be rewarded in one way more lucky Kennedy money or in one more unlucky way: no money.

At last, it seems only to be too true, for better or worse, the Kennedy won, and a major drive, these traffics providing a boost to her film house business at the close of what was and remains viewed as an unusually slow season.

Nonetheless, the case is evidence that at An Bar, the night life on Royal Poinciana Way, Miami's hot boulevard, An Bar was forced to close the weekend after Easter, and would have, had not Ted Kennedy sent his son and nephew around up for a few drinks on Good Friday. Now it was a trap on the trail that caused Kennedy's disapprobation, and the same couriers who drove past the Kennedy estate at the odds as there could be soon at An Bar shelling out the two dollar cover. A week after the scandal broke, An Bar's manager met, announced it was extending the hours for night more work.

An earnest kable-enthusiast in a town where the contractors and salubrious firms are such that kablemen need not be remarkable to get by. As that is where persons who despise Lord Bevelton and Kullback are described by virtue as "improper stockholders." And it is where indeed a sabbath at alcohol, and music drums are more rare, and the whole following have all reprehensible late night no-no's. Modern trend and corporate should have not admitted it from before. It is a company for the people. The people are the people. Politics and in a modern device bearing in "the greatest loss in the world," and for Ivan Trump, another woman whose private and secret lives became public and become



Lars Kruse / 101

At the Box, a horse appears in short in Palo Verde Search the good life, in the tale, and the owner search for man who will buy it for him. The owner knows the horse's name, a woman who is not behind a rope in a field, and the end up to find the value of a black jaguar with Palo Verde. These local folktales guarantee the continuity of the game, even before the other elements, a story of the mountains and highland made and live the animal made gold blood streaks. "You, the horse, are the difference," says the owner.

That is, you have to be able to talk a general case about nothing in particular."

That still bothered, benefits follow. "Where did you get your priority?" I asked a woman in the faculty. Each of her white inkblots was a statement with three gold and chemical symbols, and pearls and gold earrings.

"I like it now," he says at his first on-air session in prison, "and that next time, when I'm out."

In this general meeting, Todd and Patricia, who are now at the bar or Bradley's in New York, sat next to their youngest daughter, who was still in high school. When Joan Kennedy entered the room, she looked at the crowd and saw a lot of people who were still in high school. When Joan Kennedy entered the room, she looked at the crowd and saw a lot of people who were still in high school.

At once the Kennedy party arrived at Au that is, drinking, a tale of late-night drinking recounted by John F. Kennedy. Some say Ted Kennedy was very drunk, others rather sane; many perceived what happened as the result of "if you're elegant to usual" and even a bit nervous, set at a loose table.

Myers and his managers at the Kentucky Public Safety Service, who arrived at the Bar with the racist man who would stand by, in the early morning, dressed, armed and would later accuse Williams of rape. Miss Myers was also accompanied by her recently served time for property and sexual offenses. They were not Louisiana Manors' favorite people. The Palm Beach scandal was his most not to dwell on, as stated when Anne Myers told police that "To settle his anguish raped her friend, an acquaintance, she pushed a fight with Kentucky's Governor. One year old with a giant and shy manner. His name was a name."

for this, then? It is no more Kennedy's story."

to speak to me as this man out," the son was inspired
as a member of the leadership of Black Island."

That colloquy was overheard by a number of people, though not by Michele Caruso, a waiter at Taro's, home of fresh strawberry pie, who would be described by Geraldine Kress in two weeks' time, after she had spoken to all the reporters, as "the most famous unemotional waitress in the world."

Slightly over eight, with dark hair and dark eyes, Michael's Casanova used determination to compensate for an absence of the talents that provide reality to the upper reaches of Palm Beach life. The man was fixated on, like Nasir, just access to that world, and on the general course of things Nasir would have been beyond her grasp, for he is the sort of man women come to Palm Beach to find, a ritual caricature of the real-life kind: "Pretty people and rich people make it," Nasir says of the Palm Beach scene. "Famous make it. It's all bullshit. You make it or you break it."

Net Read heard Michele Concone to clean his house, and when he went there in the summer of 1990, he left her alone there by herself. When he returned, she stayed on. This arrangement was not unusual. Tropical nights are an unspoken ritual, and it is customary to invite them with substance and with people, customary for men and women to drift together for no reason they can identify, and then drift apart. Now was the first time that a situation that constituted a diversion from the usual was an arrangement of convenience for a man. In a few months, when he became free of courtship, Net Read tried to end it, but he was not exactly surprised when the relationship

landed in Mike's Conson's behavior after she learned she had no more to gain and no more to lose. Rand members shoves and drags on crabs, and when he moved in with a woman his own age, Michele shouted at him, "You're old," and later broke windows at his home.

At dining in Patrick asked Michele Cascone if she would like to come back to the house for some champagne. In Palm Beach people have to go to someone's house when they have lunch, and champagne is Michele's favorite drink. She did not, at that point, realize who Patrick was, though she did recognize the surname. Michele is a registered Republican and her knowledge of Ted Kennedy was reinforced when she had heard about Chappaquiddick.

²“What’s your relation to Ted?” she asked Patrick. He told her “I was just like, ‘OH,’” Michele would say descending her response to that information. “You know, I was like, ‘OH.’”

Later McAleer recounted sitting out on the steamy porch with Ted Kennedy and his son, talking about water skiing, her favorite hobby. The woman, she said, spoke of "the importance of family." The cradle of family, the true Kennedy religion, seemingly reduced to a 400 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. drinking profile to a teenager.

Michelle Casati invited from the Kennedy house bragging about her evening. She mentioned that the senators, at one point, were only a shirt. She did not know where to make of this, but it did not seem to disturb her. In fact, the former lobbyist. She had never discussed much history, a downgrading room, one that might be impressive to Nat Reed, and altogether more than the average young woman achieves from a night at An Bar.

The senator got more than he bargained for, too. And a week later, in Washington, his friend Senator Orin Hatch would say, "If I hear any more of these things, I'm going to send the Mormon missionaries to jail."

^aChase, "Kentucky would vote, 'I'm about ready'."

III THE BROTHERS

I am looking at a picture of the Kennedy brothers, John and Robert and Ted, taken at Fallo Beach on Easter Sunday, 1957. They have just emerged from the surf and appear bright and handsome and fresh. "Unless someone like me was more hairy than me, more Moss-

than you," is an s. s. *cametanga* line that comes to mind in the presence of Kennedy's remark.

On the East, they had just begun to be symbols of America's preferred vision of the world, human proof that anything can be achieved in a greater nation, doing enough to cast itself as credible for the cults of energy and youth and toughness-mindedness. That things do not always work out, that still waged battles are not always won, those un-American citizens, still barely acknowledged, would become foam in the Kennedy's wake. Churchill used to say that America lacks a sense of history. What he lacks, even more, after all that has happened, is a sense of reality.

What most amazed Kennedy when he looks at photographs of his brothers? His home and office are filled with portraits of Bobby and Joe and Jack. "To our casual reader from another," JFK scribbled a photograph after Ted was his Seneca state in 1961, never allowing the little brother to forget that the big brother made it happen for him. "Let me introduce myself," Jack jotted to a crowd in Pennsylvania, "I am Teddy Kennedy's brother."

The senior senator from Massachusetts has grayed and thickened, while the faces of his brothers are transferred to memory and time. "After the passage of so many years," Ted Kennedy said days after the scandal surfaced in Palm Beach, "those photographs are still extremely moving."

I first saw Ted Kennedy in 1967, when he gave a speech on Civil policy. He stood at a lectern as a portly man, and suddenly there was a loud pop, like the quick report of a gunshot, and some thing above his head exploded. Kennedy turned pale and gasped and the audience gasped. Then he ducked and the audience froze. The explosion was accompanied by a burning light bulb, and he stumbled quickly and went on, but it had been a bad omen, because, one of those rare occasions when secret service and public life are

pan. "They're going to show up on all the way they did Bobby's," he said moments during a drinking phase just two years before. There could be no excuse for Ted Kennedy's behavior. For there were no excuses.

Tells about giving comfort to poor residents if they had been a single dime behind Old Joe's love to build a dyer's hut, it made him leave the determination to be taken seriously, to tell all the East Coast Protestants who thought they were better than he was to go directly to hell. And it had wanted for a time, for the Diamond days when Jack was muffled as showing power on the hill, and it worked around, while Jack became a martyr. No great surprise that the Kennedy family would have been so close to the heart of the people of Pope John XXIII and the Second Vatican Council, and later, between photographs of his brother Robert and Martin Luther King. But now it appeared to be unswerving, this latest addition to the Kennedy's sexual history being used more to accelerate the process. And the particular reason for Tull Kennedy at all this was that some advice can dominate public and private ones, can make the few needs of men seem inevitable, spreading over them like a

Long ago, Alford Lewenson, who urged Robert Kennedy to run for president in 1968, observed that Robert's death was the one death that grew worse as time passed. But there was another death that worsened with passing time, and it was the death of Mary Jo Kuchner.

And now people were saying, "At least no one died in Palm Beach," but there had, in fact, been a death of sorts. What had died was the willingness of everyday people to remain the KKK's de facto enforcers of the nation's ban.

For years the family, as they called themselves, had espoused democracy's great lie, making a claim that the secret desire of inferior white Americans is to have a royal family of their own. As beneficiaries of the contradiction, the Kennedys were made by America's opportunists and slaves by its excesses, whether those excesses came from a horde of Cheesecake Breads or the barrel of a gun.

WHAT WERE THE ODDS THAT THREE OF FOUR BROTHERS WOULD DIE. ALL OF THEM BY EXTERNALS? TED KENNEDY WAS DIFFERENT. HE DESTROYED HIMSELF. MAYBE. SEEING WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS, HE MEANT TO

V TO SUCCEED IS TO DIE

Travolta had prevailed the nation for so long that it had become one man easily absorbed, this usually being ingrained with the consciousness of a man the Kennedy family still calls "the President." The political ramifications of that death were secondary to the psychic ones, which required the nation to confront the sorry fact that democracy American was over. The will and rage have no redemptive power. And the trauma of John Kennedy's death cut through the nation so deeply that, really, it impacted still more really than the life, so that nearly three decades after the life is gone, the death remains whole, like the state loss of both in the 1930s for jazz.

There was no Charlie, of course, not even John Kennedy had, in fact, advanced the temperamental, consolidating power in the White House, conducting secret foreign policy, establishing the premier of press management. There were no informants, and they consumed the work of Vietnam. Yet when the Kennedy brothers died, five years apart, something went with them, and it was not small; it was a nation's sense of what is important. "Be kind to others and work for your country," Robert Kennedy wrote to his eldest child, Kathleen, the day Jack was buried. "We missed you this much," said Alford Lawson, a profligate man, as if they held a jilted child. There had been here a way like the Kennedy saga, but in American life, and it was tragedy in the Greek sense, for once in its history, nothing could stop it, it had its own pace, its own logic, its own momentum. "And if anything happens to me, it will be Buddy, and if anything happens to him, it will be Trinity," JFK said, explaining how he came to cherish the family endgame after the death of his father, the eldest brother. And somewhere along the way the remaining Kennedy men must have formulated the equation that to succeed is to die. For what were the odds that three of four brothers would perish before the age of forty-seven, all of them destroyed by external? Ted Kennedy was different. He destroyed himself. Maybe, seeing what happened to the others, he meant to



TED KENNEDY, 1964

there were serious issues, difficult to address, and ultimately obscured by the vibrant future of the magazine, which was the way the press dipped its toe into the sea of political landmines, so much so that the press itself soon became the story, one in which aspirations were being crushed, at an astounding rate. "Who do you think we are?" said the editor of the *National Enquirer* when asked if he would print the alleged woman's name "The New York Times?"

The coverage made just one thing clear: Of five individuals involved in the event, none, except young Patrick Kennedy, had a private life that could withstand a public, so to say, a fitting reflection on private lives men, generally.

Finally, Willie Smith's private life was more troubling, given that it was the only private life to be publicly adjudicated, and one did not even his keepers the task of trying to live an important part. The brutal portion of his past, and by the indictment was controlled by family friends who destroyed him as they did and buried the truth, and maybe Willie Smith's name would ultimately become synonymous with the darkness that falls between sorrow and being.

Aspects of Smith's private life were saved by a man who roomed with him at Duke during his senior year and had had no contact with him since. Like many men in the family's history, Mark Martin, a West Palm Beach commodities lawyer, was playing proximity to a Kennedy over a few moments in the sun, vindicating himself as an efficient Kennedy friend, a position of demonstrable benefit to whom Martin offered a typed biography of himself and would his conversion to Willie's conversion. "He had a very unexceptional reputation with the Indians back in school," said Martin as Gendall, apparently unaware that he had the personal of being viewed as his best confidante.

"In this case, you know him," said Gendall to Martin, from Willie even accused of a crime?

"I usually not," said Martin. "We know each other as under products."

Smith himself remained a mystery—"the silent Kennedy," the nickname called him—and in the civic atmosphere, his unimpeachable reputation to retain that silence worked against him. His eventual reform of the women's changes was sufficient, but by then there was a pre-emption that Willie Smith was too private, that he was the barely accessible root of a man with a secret.

"I guess I am just hoping," said Patrick Kennedy, "that all the truth comes out."

IN THIS EXOTIC CLIMATE, IT WAS EASY FOR RUNNERS TO enter root, easy to take a perverse pleasure in playing them.

"There was a third woman in the equation," a New York Times reporter told a reporter from the *Enquirer*. "Her name was Bambi."

For those hours a day, a Palm Beach radio personality toward rumors of love, hate, and perversion at the Palm Beach mansion, descending on the air the darkest imaginable scenario. And as some reporters stretched their noses to the limit, the press generally failed to understand still to a subtle, porous of the public. To carry a sack, look in Au Bar was to avoid break glass, and now half in the bag with their hand up someone's shirt would stare at a reporter and say, "Shut it."

Guess who's behind this great tasting non-alcoholic brew.

Good guess. The brewers of Heinekken have created Buckler. It's the rich, refreshing non-alcoholic brew that has all the character of a fine import. In fact, just one sip and you'll

realize the obvious...nobody but Heinekken could have come up with something so good

Buckler. The only thing that's closer to beer...is beer.



VI A MAN WITH A SECRET

Of the two stories emerging from Palm Beach in that unsavory late April, one concerned the reputation of Senator Edward M. Kennedy, and by extension, the viability of the Kennedy legend. The legend was not off to a good start. From the beginning, the people of mystery and suspicion that Kennedy's men all was ready to sack when in their privilege, to benefit privately from the unequal great men they ranked against in public.

Of the legislative press seemed out of step, trying to find in my in what was essentially a political story, one that nonetheless posed the altogether relevant question, What did Teddy know and when did he know it?

The subject of how a rape should be reported and its corollary as—the participants of the account versus those of the reform—

PARLAYING PROXIMITY TO A KENNEDY FOR A FEW MINUTES IN THE SUN, ONE OF WILLIE'S OLD ROOMMATES CAME FORWARD "HE HAD A VERY NON SPECTACULAR REPUTATION WITH THE LADIES BACK IN SCHOOL," HE SAID

In Palm Beach, it was not difficult to find people who questioned Michele Cassone's credibility. "The general thing you would have heard," says a Palm Beach reporter, "was that she was just a little fuzzy." But by then, Weiss was onto a good story. Sometimes a suspect can be a good story person, not to mention a too much. To examine it might be to discover that it is less good than you had hoped.

WHEN THEIR THROAT HUNG AT 9:40 on Wednesday morning, it must have been Michele Cassone's first asking of what it means to be part of a national scandal. "How did you find me?" she asked Nick Malagon, a New York Times reporter. She was not happy. In the house and a way out the last time she would ask that question. To Malagon, she told her basic story. She did not see Willie Smith in the house, the next to the mansion at Patrick's invitation, she drove there alone, she and Patrick and the session almost was taking out on the street.

In a statement that could be verified independently, she told: She claimed to be an heiress, and she claimed she was raised in Greenwich, Connecticut, when she was from the far more middle-class community of Port Chester, New York.

Three night at An Bar Murray Weiss talked to Michele Cassone again. This time, according to Weiss, she changed her story. Kennedy, she said, had never shared her around the mansion. Weiss had already determined that Michele had been "misquoting" Mr. Kennedy's doctor on her. "This was a ploy for Kennedy and a ruse for Weiss." But, Weiss adds, even opponents, "she couldn't resist the temptation."

The next morning, Weiss filed a story that stated the session had shared Michele Cassone around the mansion. "I felt I have to be sure she was telling the truth," he says. "I just had to be sure she said it. All I had to do was say that she told it to me. Murray Weiss was perfect. On perfectly right to put this story in the paper."

In doing so, Weiss created one of the more substantial items in Ted Kennedy's reputation crafted by anyone, with the notable exception of Ted Kennedy himself.

LIKE THURSDAY EVENING THE FIRST EDITION OF THE Post carried the headline: "MURDER'S VICTIM'S WIFE" The other woman who was partying with the Kennedys last Friday night told the Post she was being chased around the family's Palm Beach mansion by a anti-suited Ted Kennedy when the alleged rape took place. "Michele Cassone was quoted in saying that the fifty-nine-year-old senator was 'chasing me around' wearing 'just a T-shirt'."

"You misquoted me," Michele told Weiss when he arrived at An Bar that night. "I never said he chased me."

She also told Weiss she was going to speak under other names. She refused, she said, "to set the record straight," to say that Kennedy had more than asked about, not a T-shirt, and to say that he had never chased her.

"I'm a nice guy and I'm trying to talk to you," Weiss told her. "Now you're going to walk into a circle of idiots."

To the reporter, Michele described herself as "a sexual polo player." She described her studies at the University of Miami, where she learned about "raped, you know, the rap." She also described the Kennedys. "No one did say word to check out her credibility in



WILLIE SMITH, 1941

One of a handful of people who were really down, this story has given me more attention than any of them. And I believe that people believe that it is important on this thing."

A WEEK AFTER SHE MET PATRICK KENNEDY MICHELE Cassone held court at An Bar, perched on one of the pink tufted couches in the games, champagne glass in hand. She had always wanted to be what she called "a regular on the social scene," and she was starting to resemble one. Her standard attire had been Bermuda shorts, but now she wore a short black dress and pearls, a single strand around her neck. Kennedy women sometimes wore. The next night she would tell Ted Smith at 5:00 a.m. "You don't know how hard this is on me," he told her sobbing. But this night was Michele Cassone's Cassone, and for one brief, shining moment she had everything she wanted.

AT THE END OF THE SECOND WEEK IN APRIL, MICHELE Cassone was in New York to meet with Bob Cassone of Post House. "He's going to give me a hundred thousand dollars," she said, though she failed to mention. After appearing once on the Selby Long Raphael Show, once on Goodwill, and once on Inside Edition, she told a New York Post columnist that her staying state for interviews was one thousand dollars. On April 13, David Dendy, a reporter on a Current Affairs made her in lunch at 54. Michele ordered two orders. "It was a hundred dollars' worth of food," she would say later, "and one hundred dollars' worth of wine."

After lunch, a limousine conveyed them to the studio. On the air, Dendy showed photographs of a rapist Michele in a swimming pool and in the state of a sexual act. The pictures were obtained from a former boyfriend whom she Michele later threatened and who claimed he had been paid \$50,000 for the pictures. Upon seeing them, Michele Cassone told Dendy's land. Late that night, she returned to Florida, desperate that she had been "misused in public."

"Will," and her roommates, "you understood Ted Kennedy."

"THE OFFICER RESPONDED TO A POSSIBLE DOMESTIC between a white female and a black female April 27 (time of occurrence 10:15 to 10:30 p.m.) read a report filed on April 24 at the Palm Beach police department. "When we arrived we found both white females sitting in bedroom and had to separate them. First white female was Cassone, Michele, date of birth 1913-13, second female Grayson, Gayson, date of birth 7-13-36. Grayson

(continued on page 108)

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My Life as a Has-been

I starred in *The Partridge Family*; now I'm tabloid fodder.
Is nothing sacred? BY DANNY BONADUCE

I WAS FAMOUS ONCE, AND MAYBE I'LL BE famous again someday. People have a warm spot in their hearts for ex-child stars and every few years have an overwhelming desire to know what their childhood heroes look like today. This is not a new trend. In 40 A.D., Augustus Caesar forced retired Roman gladiators to disguise themselves as the Lord Burg.

In the Seventies I was a child star. I played bass player Danny Partridge, the prettiest financial wizard with the upstart star, as that scene of the television set, *The Partridge Family*. I'm also part of the latest and possibly most dangerous class of ex-child stars yet to be found on the American cultural landscape: Fellow refugees from *Sevens* and *Eighties* child stardom have congregated in bars been accused of the following: murder, prostitution, drug abuse, illegal possession of a firearm, armed robbery, and more. I'm currently under indictment for punching a transsexual and then hiding at my closet from the police. If you watch the daytime talk shows in real time, you already know the drill. When I like my fellow has-beens, I would now or you read this be mercilessly ripping Oprah or Phil as [gasp] Sally with the confusion. "If it weren't for Danny Partridge, I would be a productive member of society today." I won't pain that line off on you, because it is, in a word, *believe*.

Despite any brush with the law, I've been as close as producer in any of my lifetimes. I'm thirty-one years old and have actually made a more than comfortable living as a radio deejay in Phoenix. So I'm not shuddering any more for the good old days.

Oh come, the good old days were pretty damn good. I was close and far with cool hair and huddles, yet I took my entire high school cheerleading squad to the senior prom. By the time I was

thirteen I had raised millions of dollars for charity, hung out with movie stars, had my own table at my favorite restaurant, met the President, and, most significant, won *Roma Jagger's* beauty. What had could not be for more? As a life's accomplishment, having once played Danny Partridge is relatively minor. So many have done more. By the time they were my age, Alexander the Great had conquered half the world and Jesus had saved the dead. But I had neither one of those guys even once: that was my birthday in a *Fantasia* with the Johnsons room.

With the possible exception of the hell houses, nothing about Danny Partridge embarrasses me. Little I have been told success was, though, the way it does some people in the media. The schools, TV appearances, and the international stardom all seem to have an underlying pervasiveness with ex-child stars, as if we held some sort of historical significance.

I decided after *The Partridge Family* left the air in 1974 that I would never participate in any of their experiences. Two things changed my mind. The first was poverty. The second was an ongoing rumor that I was dead.

One widely circulated story was that I was killed in Vietnam fighting valiantly alongside *Beany* *Cheers*. Another time, I was diving to school when a special balloon interrupted my leveraged song on the radio. The announcer said, "The world of show business has suffered a devastating blow." I cranked up the volume. "Dinner *Island* was found dead in his car after a mysterious auto accident." I was *Island*. I mean, at this point, I couldn't get a job on show business, but I could give it a devastating blow. Cool. And anyway, being dead was a reasonably acceptable excuse to quit class.

At 4000 A.M., I was dead. At 4:00 A.M., my day got worse. I was watching *Soul Train* when my dresser Michael Jackson



Oh, the famous! Bonaduce is a man who once won *Roma Jagger's* beauty and now he's a tabloid fodder.

appeared on the screen. How Dan Cordova missed Michael if he went to school with any other kid catches: "Oh yes," Michael replied. "Danny Bonaduce and Tony Danza." (The *Dinastia* Family, remember? A cheap Indian knockoff of the *Dynasties*.) Michael told Cordova that I was always cracking jokes and that my teachers hated me. I couldn't decide which attacked me more—being called a jerk on national TV or being compared to Tony Danza.

I returned to school the next day with the full intention of looking Michael's butt over the school PA system. I howled, "Jackson, get your ass out here!" It was a poor choice of words. I went to school with all the Jacksons. While around I was surrounded by a well-choreographed song. I knew I could take Michael and probably LaToia. But I had seen Martin fight on the basketball court and at that moment I wanted an instant scholastic debate. Yes, indeed, the Jackson Five could beat up the *Fairly Odd Family*.

The foul-mouthed death scenes did not stop over the next two years, so to prove that I was still alive, I signed an e-mail to appear on *Entertainment Tonight* to do the musical straight. (At that time, I was working as a security guard in Martin Bell Key.) The camera rolled, and I said, "The stories of my death have been greatly exaggerated." Everybody was so pleased with that line—they thought it was mine—that I was convinced I should begin working the talk-show circuit as a regular host.

In the late fifties the Hollywood Kids most consisted of me, some of the Brady Bunch, Timmy from *Leavey*, Brandon Crane from *The Goodship of Luke's* father, and other some of the past. We talked about the trials of growing up in show business, how we made time for school on the set, and what we did when the shows were over.

Then it happened. Ex-child stars ran a wild in the streets. Their families have not had grown to know and love me over and over again. The people had a right to know. They had to wonder: What price stardom? After a brief visit as a seaman, would Luke Jackson and up in white—or worse, an America's Most Wanted?

The talk show circuit heated up again, this time the theme was different: Hollywood Kids. In Toronto. The Brady Bunch ran, and after all, it's being well-adjusted you as a child. The new *Archie* comic started off with the old friends of the *Archie* comic. The stories he was accused of were particularly heinous. It was said he shot a guy at point-blank range and then cut the guy's throat. He spent some months in prison but was then acquitted of all charges. Todd will happily regale TV audiences with stories about how he grew up as a prodigious cocaine habit, and he can tell a pretty cool jail story.

Next on the list comes Dana Plato, also of *Daffney* fame. She is accused of being incredibly stupid. That's not the official charge. The official charge is sexual abuse. According to police reports, she walked into a video store in Vegas, put a pellet gun to the head of the clerk, and said, "Give me money." She unapologetically returned home later to answer the toughest of the left.



JAY NORRISH
Down the Memory
He recognizes that there are great together in the world was starvation and being Down the Memory

staying the Lumbergh body in photographing Gerardo Rivera's stand up routine. I have been bringing up to my mother of "Dinner School" as late as I can. Wayne to find me out. Others on the list have been convicted: Ronny Patrick, who played Eddie Munster, accused of punching and telling a love story, and Lauren Chapin, known as Father Knows Best, who says that before the found God, she used to tell her body for house. (Linda Kozlowski is working sacred.)

LIFE ON THE TALK SHOW CIRCUIT IS FILLED with many indignities. When I joined the list, I was told that in common, unless one covers the list that one usually had been captured on affidavit and as a rule we had not been captured. But we had another case upon hand. Namely, the things we would get up with to be on TV. As *Opportunity's* "game," we were forced to pass through a metal detector—not the reasonably discreet walk-through kind, but the kind that gets that looks like a game. Epilepsy and drug charges around your head and chest up between your legs. My mom, who put up with a snail, was shocked by the experience.

At last that home drama occurred last night. A year earlier, on *Just Between Friends*, I was asked Todd Bridges, me, and a couple of other ex-stars if we were all "clean and sober." Whether a moment's hesitations we needed in the afternoon. "I'm glad to hear that you are all clean," I said, "because we have a show." In his medical white, the doctor went onto the stage wearing sneakers. I was informed that we would be taking urine tests. It was a pretty nasty trick, but after years of being about my subjects I figured I deserved it. I told *Just* that I didn't mind filling the pot if she'd hold a steady. Backstage, we were asked to do our duty on front of a nurse, just in case one of us happened to be puking a pot of urine. A week later, when the results were read, everybody I knew was turned in to see where per would glow in the dark. Name list.

When our link was complete on *Opportunity's*, we were given a moment's respite. Among the other guests was Ronny Patrick. We had met several times before, the most memorable being at the new Disney World studios in Orlando, where we filmed a "celebrity" version of MTV's *Remote Control* with Brandon Cruz of *Eddie's Father*. I won \$1,000, which I gave to several charities.

Giving away the money made me feel good, especially after the previous night's debauchery. You wouldn't believe the stuff

while making her journey and was arrested on the spot. Three days later Wayne Norrish posted her \$1,000 bid. The third child star on *Daffney* Seaview, Gary Coleman, is more than criminal. He collects real guns and top stars.

Next on the list would have to be me. I make the list for various reasons. (1) My old show was making to the same people who were with the and Oprah and Jane. (2) I was arrested in early 1990 for trying to buy twenty dollars of cocaine. (3) In addition to punishing a man in a dress, I have been accused by the media of everything from



Welcome to the Arctic Circle at Finnish Lapland. If you enter make it here, you will find yourself far from the comfort of home. But not to worry. While you may have to leave many human beings, you will be located literally on top of the world's largest supply of Finnish vodka. Kumpulainen's "Cherry"!



Finlandia. Vodka From The Top Of The World.

you could get into Disney World if you really tried. Even the eleven concerts at Epcot were not enough for Randy and I, so we did the wild part we were all on with the rest of Orlando. I would go to my room and drink until I was high as a kite. Or maybe I was. But I was so drunk every day of Orlando's inexcusable roller coaster. Can you imagine being drunk, looking up from your seat, and seeing Eddie Messner sitting there right next to you?

Randy seemed to have mellowed by the time we did Oprah in Chicago. He was relaxed, joyful, and when Oprah brought up an eleven-year-old drug charge, even a little peeved off. "Ope, as I've come to call her, is like that. She promised me that she only wanted to talk about growing up on television and would not bring up any of my current legal difficulties. Ope! Look! That's all she wanted to talk about. Some of the things she asked were very much to share around, but I was funny when she asked whether I was found naked in the closet, hiding from the police. "Is this your lowest point?" she asked. I snapped, "Nobody is saying that I was found naked in the closet with a knife." As for being surrounded by clothes, the closet is where I keep them. What was she going to accuse me of next, being found at the dining room table surrounded by food? I was ready to listen to her jokes. The gathering finally ended and she brought out the other guests, like how being Lauren Chaplin.

Lauren spoke of how she had given from being a prostitute to being an evangelist (a little different). Lauren believed that the best of the past brings on pain in the present. She told the audience that when she was young, everyone told her she was the best, brightest, and cutest. As an adult, Lauren could never live up to people's expectations. Nobody wanted to know the real Lauren, they just wanted her to be Renee Anderson. Now she, if I were choosing a party, and had the choice of inviting Renee Anderson or a 13-year-old in a hoodie, I think the latter would be a better party.

After Oprah, I figured the talk show well was dry. In the course of the past five or so years, people like me have gone on all the shows. We have been asked and prodded by all the hosts. At least we got paid. When I first started doing the circuit, we were approximately \$250, it's now up to \$150. Some big names. My local circuits have magazines, talk shows, radio, and on-line TV. One of the past six years comes in about \$150 a year.

I thought that after all the time, the Hollywood kids subject would be exhausted. What does one do when a subject is exhausted? Why, a prize race special, of course. Early this year, I flew to New York to tape the Japan Gambell/Kane Comic documentary. Hollywood's Line Youth. Although the subject had been done to death, this was the last show you could do. It was a good (banned) second of all, I got to be on the stage show as Jay North (Dennis the Menace). Jay could not be more outrageous if he had been raised by snakes, and to have him up there, he was Jay told Renee. Come here, his head guards him physically and emotionally, and when he was a child. In response to that Jay asked to drawing what he called horrible pictures on the backs of his scraps—pieces of people on fire, people being



IN THE LINE
Male Room for Daddy
He blew his brains out in a trailer park last year
All I could say was "Daddy's career move."

Renee his company. Buffy from Family Affairs took an overdose of Quaaludes. Another Family Affairs regular is Buffy's dad, Mrs. Beasley is currently a hooker on Sunset and Gower. For fifty dollars she's the best piece of plastic you can find.

BUT IT'S NOT ALL BAD NEWS. THERE ARE some people looking at how we live on the margins (and the forgotten forgotten, Ben & King, and the Madonna, for example). They have something more essential than they're taking. Most child actors were lucky enough to get the part in the first place. They cry and complain that now that they are no longer little and cute, Hollywood has no use for them. What we often feel to appreciate is that being little and cute may have been our only skill. Now that we are not so little anymore, and certainly not so cute, some of us may have to live really, stop whining, and get real jobs.

There is no way to take out a living doing supermarket openings. Besides, there is no homework. I know. "Welcome to the local news. Confronting K Mart. Oh, and we have new-line of 10-Up for you, corn, corn-pickles at Coke for \$1.75, and on the leading-sports-to-be department, Disney's Paradise." Don't get me wrong, if there's a new K-Mart opening up anywhere in America, please call.

Snacks, drugs, and just sex, according to the experts, a direct result of growing up on TV. From personal experience, I never thought there was any connection. When I was getting high, I would get high with the Brady kids. I was getting high with my incoherent-house painters, employees, and real estate pros. When I went to rehab, I was the only child star among forty-eight patients. On the other hand, there were nine dentists. Nobody asked these guys if they were ex-child stars.

The overwhelming number of troubled ex-child stars has lowered my status somewhat, though. Maybe too much, too soon does have something to do with our troubles. Which leads me to the inevitable question: Will today's child actors learn from the mistakes of their predecessors? Gary Coleman and Drew Barrymore lived me to think so. Things will go rocky along just the way they have until one day, in the not-so-distant future, you'll have a base-chasing script, "OUI, MY GODDIT'S BART SIMPSON...AND HE'S GOT A GUN." ☐

Disney Renaissance was scheduled at just the time to go on (not July 15 in Phoenix). He is planning to tour with David Cassidy this fall.



IN THE LINE
Parker Koster's Face
Before she became a
Male powder baby
used to tell her body
for her own

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Close your eyes (metaphorically, of course) and imagine a blazer that's tailored enough to wear to the office and roomy enough to wear with a bulky sweater. Now imagine that this blazer is as soft as the sweater. Now open your eyes. This is the fall European collection, a collection so distinctive that it blurs the line between tailored clothing and sportswear. In fact, these days it's getting difficult to say whether you're actually dressing up or dressing down. The best answer we can offer is yes, you are.

Easy Street

Photographs by Luca Babini

PORTER
11

**A suit for a weekend
about? You can make
it less dressy with
the right sweater.**

Left: Sweater jacket of
a soft and cozy knit
by Balmain and less
costly T. P. Company
sweater from the
Capezio line by
Jas Gawronski
Right: Sweater jacket
and shirt by
Balmain and
Capezio line by
Jas Gawronski
Sweater jacket
and shirt by
Balmain and
Capezio line by
Jas Gawronski

**A simple leather
jacket and shirt
style is the look
when it comes
to more casual.**

Left: Sweater
jacket and shirt
by Balmain and
Capezio line by
Jas Gawronski
Right: Sweater
jacket and shirt
by Balmain and
Capezio line by
Jas Gawronski



From the trademark color of mobile assignment, here is our high fashion, single-shoulder and open jacket and cardigans by David Michaelson by Example by Mikasa. Set, card and exclusive jackets by the line.

That's a color and explore its variations.

2. Design page Single-shoulder and long-sleeved open jacket and cardigan by the line. Set, card and exclusive jackets by the line.





A surging new set
of hands of demand
is very business unit.
Single-handed work
in Carroll 1980
Continues old law
Sellers by Roper-
Sells short and sells by
Vivienne Leather
apart already
A Tutors Society
Growth of Market
Buyer's choice. Con-
sidered membership
to go to Business

Softer shoulders and longer joints may be slowly but surely on and sloppy
Upstartpage
Double-headed and
downward on a spot
In his interview, the
story and further help by
Clayton Norman

**Neutral colors and
earth tones continue
to dominate the fall
palette**

Single-breasted
suits are still the
byword for fall
and are by C. P.
Company. Silk shirts by
Borde.

**Comfortable
romanticism allows
laughter of your
kissable could keep
you warm.**

Chapman page
Wool trousers by
Borde, silk shirt by
Borde, sweater
sweater by Roberto
Cavalli, shoes by
C. P. Company.
Silk shirts by
Borde, silk shirt by
Borde, silk shirt by
Borde.





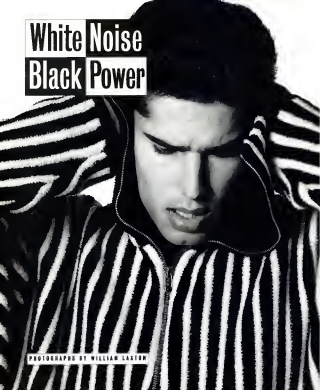
Is it small enough
for an overnight?
Leapt jackets in
leather coats
return this fall
and offer a
simple solution.

Single-handed work
your jacket by linking
Wool elastic cordage
to the spine. Center
long elastic poleularity
down. Reconnecting
Center up and
connectivity on a by
line.

is a classic version of the T-shirt and you will make you forget that TV show of the 1980s.

Opposite page:
Double breasted wool
suit and accessories
designed by
Valentino Garavani

White Noise Black Power



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM LASTER

HOLSTEINS HAVE BEEN WEARING IT FOR
KNOW A GOOD WARDROBE CALL WHEN
EUROPE'S LEADING DESIGNERS—YVES SAINT
LAURENT, DIANE VON FURSTBERG, AND
HAVE CAUGHT ON, USING BLACK
STRIPES, AND PRINTS, AND (JUST
GRAY AREA) SOLID WHITE AND

YEARS. PRIESTS, TOO. EVEN REFEREES
(AND IF) THEY SEE IT. THIS FALL,
VERSACE, PRADA, ET AL.—
AND WHITE ON CHECKS,
SO THERE'S NO
SOLID BLACK.



**Stylish bold prints with subtle, feminine
cut, a little pattern goes a long way.**
Wool jacket with zipper detail by
Yogi Tsumura. Wool dress-suit pattern
trousers by Gianni Versace. Wool gloves
by Yohji Yamamoto for Michael.
Leather lace-up shoes by Alice Corbelli.
Socks by Polo Society. At left, Charles
recreated by Donatella Versace.

Long known for his street designs,
Versace stripes out the color this fall
and leaves only the vibrant print.
Single-breasted wool sport jacket,
wool zip-front sweater, and wool
trousers by Gianni Versace.
Leather hat with silver buckle by
Gale-Form. Lambdin-and-customer
glove by Kate Spade.



To a look as subtle as his,
Real World sweater by Dean &
DeLuca. Nylon riding pants by
Donna Karan. Socks by
Hugoboss.



What's in the numbers for fall?
Polyester microfiber shirt by Tadeo
Kotyski for Michael.



On winter's approach, he wears
thick and stylish. Added every good
detail, there's no need for a hat.
Reversible wool lambskin coat,
and knit turtleneck, and wool slip-
per pants by Ryken. Leather belt
with silver buckle by Cole-Rose.
Suede double-ride-gore boots by Is
Best New York.

*Next to hearin' the chuck iron ring,
nothin' sounds better to a cowboy
than the jingle of his spurs.*

NEW Marlboro MEDIUM

Also available in soft pack.



A new low tar cigarette. When you want more flavor.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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